### CLOVER.

Just at the south side of our house, beside the The clover grew as nowhere else it grew.

Folding its triple leaves together close at even-Turning its silver lining to the dew.

There drowsy bees came, humming and well Went to the hive with amber-covered thighs: It was so green, so sheltered and so peaceful,

I oft recall the spot, 'neath distant skies. And there "we children" played with neighbor-

ing companions— How time goes by—dead now or scattered All then so glad and guileless. Those that love Say now of some: "Twere better they had

Yet surely, though that childish band is broken,

And innocence is gone and youth is over, Each heart has, like the bees, hived some sweet

And mem'ry wakes still at the breath of

-C. N. Gregory, in N. Y. Independent.

#### SILURAH'S STRIKE.

How Mr. Arrowshooter Was Conquered at Last.



morning read- given him for nothin'." ing the "Daily News." The Fairplay wiped her glasses and set her kitchen was stitches rapidly. not in its usual good orderthere was lack Scrubb, who occasionally accepted a of woman's kitchen situation "just to accommoneatness, there date." "He won't get me. He deserves was want of to have a try at housework and then woman's care. he'll have more sympathy for Silury." A pair of stout

cowhide boots the circle. "Let's stand by Silury," stood on a shelf over the stove, while said Mrs. Fairplay, who had a vein of their owner, tilted back in his chair, humor in her composition. "I'll send toasted his feet in the oven.

The table was cluttered with dirty who edits the County Sentinel. We'll dishes. Piles of crockery and greasy watch the fun and see how many plates stood as they were left after a women will dare to invade Mr. Arrowhearty meal. Since Mr. Arrowshooter shooter's premises." had presided over the kettles and pans | A hearty laugh rang through the unwashed dishes had collected in ever- room and nerciless jokes were eracked

increasing numbers. Mr. Arrowshooter was a peculiar would have dashed his self-complacenman, with a peculiar name which had ey if he had heard them. A labor been handed down from father to son league was formed then and there. Silthrough several generations. He held ury had adherents she never dreamed peculiar views on woman's work and of having when she mustered courage rose from confusion, then like a vicwoman's sphere. "Women are fools," to leave home on a strike. he said, "to spend so much time washtill there's enough to make a job of 'em, She had corresponded with Mrs. Ar- a conqueror's pride as he glanced about

this particular morning, for having in desperation, said she was tempted his supper. No great skill is required mentally reviewed a disturbance in his to strike and go where she could edu- to fry ham, bake potatoes and boil cofdomestic affairs he decided that, since cate her son. Cousin Amelia offered fee, but this simple menu held trouble he had publicly asserted his rights, he her twenty-five dollars a month and in store for Mr. Arrowshooter. While had settled the matter in a manner be- the board of her son if she would take the viands were cooking he went to the fitting the dignity of manhood.

the frugal meal, but he "reckoned him | liciously as Silury. and Sam could get along until Silury wouldn't be trod on by no woman, let horse shod. Mrs. Arrowshooter and her ashes and went again to the pantry. alone his own wife, and if she thought | son went in an opposite direction to a | In a short time another peculiar sound he'd put up with such high falutin do- railway station and took the first train attracted his attention. ings, she'd tackled the wrong man."

With these reflections, he leisurely glanced over his paper, in a serene found a deserted house, a fireless kitchstate of mind, carefully avoiding the en and on the clock a note, short but poured out from the oven; ham fat was item in which he was particularly inter- expressive: "Gone for higher wages." ested. When at last he forced himself to read it, he sprang from his chair in wrathful consternation.

Slowly he read aloud: "Whereas my wife Silurah Arrowshooter has left my bed and board I will pay no bills of her

"ABIJAH ANONADAB ARROWSHOOTER." Directly under this insertion was the

following: "Warning! !! "Women are notified to keep away from the premises of Abijah Anonadab Arrowshooter,

as his wife Silurah has struck for higher wages. "SILURAH MELINDA ARROWSHOOTER." "The impudent huzzy!" exclaimed Mr. Arrowshooter, as he ground the paper under his feet. "A pretty talk that'll make! Every family in Stokeville takes the News. It'll be all over town before night. But I'll get even conflict.

with her! She sha'n't boycott me-I'll give her enough of it!" The next day Mrs. Slimmens had the sewing circle. Never had the ladies turned out in such numbers. The note of defiance signified war, for Mr. needles were hardly threaded before Mrs. Arrowshooter will get the best of ferior to men. Their brains were discouraged."

Anonadab?" "I'm sure I hope she will," returned time since she married Anonadab. She | master of his own house." wa'n't brought up to do farm work. He used to be a terrible close-fisted young



HE SPRANG FROM HIS CHAIR. since he was married, and if Silury self most to death, she and her son would girls were scarce. Maybe he could get I leave you." have had pretty slim pickin's. Anona- Mary Ann Tompkins. Mary Ann went dab owns a good farm and is lavin' up out nursing sometimes and generally

Chirp. "Scripture says: 'He that doth This advice involved a ride of four look for a table girl." miles. Mary Ann opened the door, not provide for his own house is worse

than an infidel." dollar into kis pocket."

"He'll find out what Silury's done," | posite direction ended in an interview observed Miss Chirp. "She's been with a black-eyed, slatternly girl who scrimpin' herself and puttin' by every did the questioning in short sentences cent she could save to educate her boy. "Live on a farm? Make butter! He's full of music just like his mother, How many in family? Want me to but Anonadab won't help him because wash, iron, cook and scrub? Who he don't take to farming. Anonadab used to do your work? Did she do all

Flushed with her long speech Mrs.

at Mr. Arrowshooter's expense which

for the city.

thority.

long."

of domestic help.

ously. "I shan't run after her."

He began to tire of the continual

started to hire a girl. If he had been a

woman he would have had some slight

idea of the herculean task before him:

he would have entered upon his search

clearer knowledge of the market value

wanted some help for a week or two.

Another drive of two miles in an op-

"No," said Mrs. Fairplay. "Anona- of a girrel."

says she loved him, and perhaps she me for?" With a vigorous slam she

did. I reckon she got tired of knockin' shut the door in his face. round in boardin' schools and wanted a Mr. Arrowshooter rolle home in deep home. Anonadab was forehanded and thought, a sadder and a wiser man. belonged to a good family, and the The boycott was upon him. No woman old folks thought it would be a good would consent to enter his kitchen and match. Silury didn't realize what she manage his household affairs. Mewas goin' into, nor how hard her little chanically he unharnessed his horse, hands would get playin' on a wash- put him in his stall, walked into the BIJAH ANONA- board instead of a piano. She's smart, cheerless kitchen and looked about the DAB ARROW- and she's got grit. I hope she'll get room. He rose to the occasion; he SHOOTER sat her way. That boy of hers will make built a fire in the stove, heated water by the fire one his mark in the world. Those great and attacked the dishes with valorous cold winter eyes and that broad forehead wa'n't zeal. Four long hours he wrestled with glass and china, kettles and pans,



Her cousin Amelia kept a genteel field.

"What in creation-" he began. believe the imps are in that stove."

On his return Mr. Arrowshooter "Let her go," he sniffed, contempta-He made no attempt to find her and felt no anxiety about the result of the the potatoes. This lining fitted into a affair until he saw the bit of sarcasm groove on the bottom of the oven, and in the News saucily defying his au- was fastened at the top by a sliding bar Silurah was shrewd. She knew her ping back at unseasonable times. Many husband received the evening News, a pie had been ruined by the fall of this and when the morning edition ap- lining in spite of Silurah's watchful

vertisement, she hastened to the office with her reply and arranged that it two burned fingers and a total loss of should be printed under her husband's patience. He went for tools and in the insertion. The editor saw the point next half hour he did a job that would and consented, wisely inferring that have rejoiced Silurah's heart, for that more would follow, and that others be- stove had been the plague of her life. sides himself would watch the novel A sadly demoralized man sank into an Silurah had been away from home a another wrestle with dishes, chores and week. Her husband thought she milk-pails. He was too tired to read; would relent and come back by Satur- he was glad of a place of refuge out- may be restored by wearing it again. day night, but he was mistaken. Her side of that terrible kitchen.

Sleep overpowered his meditations

made to be the head of the family, and to bed. round of kitchen duties, for, although

wife had left a good parcel of cooked and ending with a yearning heartsickness for wife and child. When human nature could endure no

The bill of fare was growing monothusband all will be forgiven. onous, as his knowledge of cooking "Coming around," observed the edwas limited to fried ham, pork and poitor. Another week of hope and fear, tatoes. The advertisement decided but no Silurah. Then another appeal: him. He harnessed his horse and

"His pride dies hard," said the editor. Still no response. The loneliness grew more intense till Mr. Arrowwith less self-confidence, and with a shooter broke down, and, yielding up the last atom of selfishness, wrote:

He first asked a neighbor if she could tell him where to find a maid. His be granted." wife had gone away for a spell. His "Conquered at last!" said the editor. work was beginning to drive and he "I shall have to go, Cousin Amelia," said Silurah. "I didn't think he would

This bit of diplomacy did not deceive the lady. She had attended the sewing circle. She replied cautiously: she did not know where to direct him. "Good have matters in black and white before "But the muffins and mutton chops!" sighed Cousin Amelia.

"I anticipated this," said Silurah

Abijah Anonadab Arrowshooter waiteyed him sharply as he told his ed for no preliminaries. The day after "Silury's borne more than I would," errand, and blandly answered, "she his wife's response found him by her

"WILD BEAST" STORIES.

Rumors of Mysterious Animals in the Rural Districts. Country people are as eager to acept any rumor of a strange and dangerous creature in the woods as they are to believe in a ghost-story. They want it to be true; it gives them something to think about and talk about. It is to their minds like strong drink to their palates. It gives a new interest to the woods, as the ghost-story gives a

A few years ago the belief became

new interest to the old house.

current in our neighborhood that a langerous wild animal lurked in the woods about, now here, now there. It had been seen in the dusk. Some big dogs had encountered it in the night, and one of them was nearly killed. Then a calf and a sheep were reported killed and partly devoured. Women and children became afraid to go through the woods, and men avoided them after sundown. One day as I passed an Irishman's shanty that stood in an opening in the woods. his wife came out with a pail, and begged leave to accompany me as far as the spring, which lay beside the road some distance into the woods. She was afraid to go alone for water on account of the "wild baste." Then, to cap the climax of wild rumors, a horse was killed. One of my neighbors, an intelligent man and a good observer, went up to see the horse. He reported that a great gash had been eaten in the top of the horse's neck; that its back was bitten and scratched, and that he was convinced it was the work of some wild animal like a panther, which had landed upon the horse's back and fairly devoured it alive. The horse had run up and down the field trying to escape, and finally, in its desperation, had plunged headlong off a high stone wall by the barn and been killed. I was compeled to accept his story, but I pooh-poohed the conclusions. It was impossible that we should have a panther in the midst of us, or, if we had, that it would attack and kill a horse. But how eagerly the people believed it! It tasted good. It tasted good to me, too, but I could not believe it. It soon turned out that the horse was killed by another horse, a vicious beast that had fits of murderous hatred toward its kind. The sheep and ealf were probably not killed at all, and the big dogs had had a fight among themselves. So the panther legend faded out, and our woods became as tame and humdrum as before. We can not get up anything exciting that will hold, and have to make the most of such small deer as coons, foxes and woodchucks.-John Burroughs, in Cen-

#### COLDNESS OF SPACE.

It Is Estimated to be Many Degrees Below the Freezing Point.

We rarely realize, I think, how easily the earth parts with its heat, and how sweeps in its orbit. Nor do we commonly appreciate how relentlessly space has garnered from the sunbeams, out into its illimitable depths. 'Way out in space is a cold so intense that we fairly fail to grasp its meaning. Perhaps three hundred or four hundred dark recesses beyond our atmosphere. And night and day, summer and winter, this insatiate space is rob bing us of our heat, and fighting with demoniac power to reduce our globe to its own bitter chill. So. after all, our summer and winter temperatures are only maintained by the residue of the sun's heat which we have been able to store up and keep hold of in spite of the pitiless demands of space. Our margin sometimes gets so reduced on nights in winter that we can readily believe the astronomers and physicists when they tell us that a reduction of the sun's heat by seven per cent. and a slight increase in the number of winter days would suffice to bring again to our hemisphere a new age of ice, with its inevitable desolation. The balance is really a nice one between the heat we daily gather from the sun and the share of it which we lose in space.-T. Mitchell Prudden, in Harper's Magazine.

# PERISHABLE GEMS.

Jewels That Fade and Lose Their Beauty

There are other gems besides the precious opal which grow dim and fade with age. The pearl, if shut away for any length of time from the air and light, is said to lose its luster; but this The popular notion that a pearl is injured by water is not altogether correct. way by moisture. It is only when a pearl has been cut in half, as those set in cheap jewelry usually are, that it is dangerous to put it in water, or when it has a flaw in it, so that the water can penetrate the inner layers of which the pearl is composed. All pearl necklaces should occasionally be taken to the jewelers to be restrung. They are strung on fine wires of gold or platinum, which are made so light in order that they may be invisible that they become easily weakened by wear; and if the string breaks the chances are that the wearer will lose many pearls unless she is exceedingly fortunate. The moonstone is another gem which is liable to be affected by moisture, and become darkened and lose its luster. At least this is true of the cheap Ceylon moonstones, which form the largest quantity sold in this city. A large moonstone with a fine luster is worth more than double those cheap moonstones, some of which have little more luster than glass.-N. Y. Tribune.

Had Taken It.

Railway King-What do you think I need, doctor, to set me up again? Doctor-Well, I think a little Iron will help you. Railway King-Good. I gobbled up

Truth. Substantial Credit. Hobbs-I think young Smith deserves a lot of credit for keeping up so fine an establishment on so small an income.

Dobbs-Well, he gets it. He owes

whole railroad system last week --

pretty nearly everybody around town. -An Accommodating Boy.-Old Lady (sharply to boy in drug store)-"I've been waiting for some time to be waited on, boy." Boy (meekly)-"Yes'm; wot kin I do fer you?" Old Lady-"I want a two-cent stamp." Boy (anxious

-Visitor-"I can't understand why you have no telephone here?" Club Man—"The majority of our members are married."—The Club. PITH AND POINT.

-It doesn't take a bit of meanness out of a rascal to polish him.-Ram's

Horn. -Man always buries the hatchet wants it again.-Galveston News. -After he falls off one a man never

compares anything to being as "easy as falling off a log."-Atchison Globe. -"Don't you know better than to put your arm around a lady's waist?" she

eried indignantly. "I know few things better," he said.-Boston Post. -As another proof of woman's inability to keep a secret we notice that

while a man covers his suspenders a woman wears hers openly.-Yonkers Statesman. -Waiting-My name is Fbenezer-

"I's a name I much despise: And, oh, how quick I'll drop it When rich Uncle Ebby dies! -Harper's Bazar.

-Hospital Cook (to dealer in poultry) -"Please send me up a dozen setting hens." Dealer-"Why setting hens?" Hospital Cook-"So that they will set on the patients' stomachs, of course." -Wooden-"You don't seeem to smile at my joke. What's the matter, don't you understand it?" Wagg-"Yes. I understand it, but I was brought up

never to laugh at old age."-Jester. -All He Wants Now .- "Mr. Henpekt loved the woman he married so much during courtship that he had no peace of mind until he made her his wife." "Has he peace of mind now?" "No; he has a piece of hers every day."

N. Y. Press. -Visitor-"What is the history of that patient? He looks so happy.' Warden of the Insane Asylum-"He is. That man, madam, succeeded in getting a white vest that fitted him around the neck, and it made him insane with joy."-Clothier and Furnisher. -Life's Toilet.

"Powder your face with care " So reads a new cosmetic. Time will do that, never fear. He has given his word prophetic; He will powder with care, and bleach your hair

And give you a pose esthetic.

-Detroit Free Press. -A little eight-year-old Irish boy in one of our public schools was reproved by his teacher for some mischief. He was about to deny his fault, when she said: "I saw you, Jerry." "Yes," he replied, as quick as a flash. "I tells them there an't much yous don't see wid them purty black eyes of yourn." That was the soft answer that turned away wrath.

- Domestic Inequality.-Professional Nurse (who has been met at the door by the housemaid)-"I come from Dr. Wiseacre, who said I was needed at the house immediately. Is your mistress very ill?" Housemaid-"Oh, no, indeed, ma'am. Mistress isn't ill at all. It is the cook. If mistress had been sick cold space is through which the earth | we'd have sent her to the hospital."-Pharmaceutical Era.

sucks away the heat which the earth | THE IDEAL AND THE REAL

A Student Who Swallowed a Red-Hot Idea. Connected with the men and teachings of every college are its traditions. From class to class come down certain degrees below the freezing-point of stories of men and customs which illuswater, some philosophers think, are the | trate the ideas of different years. In the beginning of the revolution Dr. Witherspoon was president of Princeton college. He was a Scotchman by birth, and a man of strong common

It was the fashion of the time to hold the ideal theory—a practical denial of the existence of matter. The ideal philosophy taught that external life, and what we call the material world, are the creatures of fancy. This system of philosophy was even more prevalent at that time than materialism is at the present day.

It is said that Dr. Witherspoon, finding it impossible to reason upon this matter logically with people whose minds were on fire with the ideal theory, entered the class-room one morning, and in the course of his remarks

"Young gentlemen, if you think there is nothing but ideas in the world, just go out on the campus and butt your heads against the college walls! You will at least get an idea of mat-

On another occasion the students were at supper, at long tables with a tutor presiding at each. There was one student of the class who did not believe in the theory of ideas. They had hot mush and milk for supper; all at once they were disturbed by this student uttering a dreadful cry.

Everybody started up to know what was the matter. The student said: "Mr. Tutor, I ask your pardon.

have just swallowed a red-hot idea." The tutor bowed, and the apology was received without any evidence of amusement.-Chicago Journal.

## MUCH IN A NAME.

But Sometimes It Is Not Altogether Ap-"Come, Mousey," he called from the head of the cabin stairs as the boat

meanwhile if Mousey were a black-andtan, or a Skye terrier.

"The boat's nearly there, Birdie," he called again. Were there two of them? All eyes

were strained, but nothing answered to the call. The whistle of the steamer blew, and again the man peered anxiously down the cabin stairs over the heads of the up-rushing crowd. "Ducky," he called, loudly, "aren't

you coming?" No "Ducky" put in appearance and again he called in a pleading tone: "B-a-b-y! why don't you hurry? We'll be the last to get to the boat." Then a woman weighing at least two hundred and fifty pounds appeared on

shawls and rugs. "Im coming, hubby," she said placidly, and everybody who saw her got out and therefore can not be monopolized of the way as they recalled Mr. Shakspeare's pertinent inquiry; "What's in clear is the proposition that no tax a name?"-Detroit Free Press.

the stairway carrying a big lunch

basket, two camp chairs and several

A Snoke in His Wheel. They had just been introduced. She

wheelman, vain of his personal appearance when clad in cycling costume.

They are the basic principles that unband will turn to natural opportunities, and the relief will be felt in the teneral opportunities.

She(doubtingly)-Indeed! to please)-"Yes'm. Will you have it He-As for myself, everybody persists that I look one hundred per cent. better in bicycle costume than in an ordinary business suit.

awful you must look in an ordinary land monopoly, which robs uncounted mixed in a mortan

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

Why I Became a Single Taxer.

Perhaps the numerous readers of the where he can get at it readily when he standard may be interested in learning when and why I became a single taxer. Perhaps, also, the facts in the case may afford some encouragement to persons who have as yet only partially "seen the cat," but are honestly seeking for "the whole truth and nothing but the truth." This thought, whether well founded or otherwise, is my only apology for putting before the public an article so replete with personalities as

this must necessarily be. Up to the autumn of 1889 I knew little of Henry George and still less of the single tax theory. I had simply heard of Henry George as an aggressive reformer, an advocate of social changes, and the author of a famous book called Progress and Poverty." I had never read any of his writings, nor had I any ist. We demand also that every burconception of what he believed and den, every restriction, placed by our taught.

At the time mentioned I was a resident of Los Angeles, Cal., but was spending a few weeks in my old home, Chicago, Ill. I was president of the Illinois association, of Los Angeles, an organization which made engagements with a few notable speakers for public lectures.

While in Chicago I received a letter from Henry Harrison, the secretary of the Illinois association, who knew just as little of Henry George as I knew. Mr. Harrison stated that as Mr. George was announced to visit the Pacific coast, en route for Australia, some time during the coming winter, it might be best for our organization to secure him, if possible, for one or two lectures.

His suggestion was supported by Mr. F. L. Grosvenor, treasurer of our association. Thinking favorably of it, I immediately wrote to Mr. George, received a prompt response, and in a few days we had him under contract to lecture two consecutive nights in Los Angeles, under our management, the dates to be determined later on.

Soon after my return home I said to than man's laws-so sure as the birth-Harrison: "Well, Henry George is a noted character, but really I know very little as to what he believes, preaches or rob humanity of that birthright-just pretices. Suppose we get a copy of 'Progress and Poverty' and read it together before he comes here." This was agreed to. We procured a copy of the book and read it a little at a time. It opened our eyes on the land and labor questions, and made us the more desirous of meeting and hearing the noted agitatator and controversionalist. On the last evening of February, 1890, Henry George appeared before a large audience in Illinois hall to deliver his first lecture in Los Angeles. Many of the leading citizens were present, and all were eager to see and hear the man of whom they had heard so much. As president of the organization it was my duty to introduce the lecturer, which I did with but few words. Let me say right here that I had already learned enough of Henry George and the truths

Mr. George spoke for an hour and a half on "The Social Problem." He was fully listened to by all. I have heard stage of action within the past thirty much worth knowing as I learned from Henry George that night. His address was at once profound and brilliant, logical and witty, forcible and eloquent. It was a masterly arraignment of our present social system in all its hideous deformity, followed by an expose of the protection superstition and an explanation of the single tax theory-so clear, on the single tax, and then devoted an porary's intellectual rawness hour to answering questions from the Australia. I have never met him since that hour, but he left behind him in Los Angeles abundant food for thought and discussion, besides several new converts, thinker, readily grasped the truths predid not hesitate to openly avow his belief in the greatest of all reforms.

right road. He now reads and admires Henry George's writings, and being a keeps on saying it after he has been man of noble impulse and an advocate of justice, his complete acceptance of unenviable property of turning raw. Mr. George's views may be looked for in the near future.

For years prior to reading and hearing Henry George's arguments, I had been fully conscious that our modern social system was bad, and rapidly go laborers of all classes. There is coming from bad to worse. I had long been identified with reform movements, The passengers watched, wondering freely contributing time, labor and means according to my ability toward varied physical and intellectual powers helping forward what I honestly believed to be a good cause. But on becoming a single taxer I discovered that this is the foundation of all other reforms. It lies at the bottom of all truth and justice in the social structure, the influence of the single tax. There or rather, it is itself the very embodyment of truth and justice.

He who can not understand the single tax theory, after careful investigation, must be exceedingly stupid. He who does understand it, and yet is unwilling to let the community take for its use that which the community itself creates, is a selfish, cold-blooded creature, a human shark, whose highest aim in life is to devour persistently the smaller fish and call it business. To my mind nothing is plainer than the proposition that the land belongs to the people for their use while they live, New York and other great towns. Open without the rankest injustice. Equally whatever should be imposed on labor, nor on the products or processes of labor. If these two propositions are not not turn farmer under the single tax, sound to the core, then there is neither but some thousands or millions of workwas a pretty country girl, and he a truth nor justice to be found on earth. ers on the outer edge of that restrictive He—I assure you there is scarcely a well-posted single taxer can successment-house region in NewYork as in He—I assure you there is scarcely a man who does not find the wheel suit fully defend these principles against the distant rural districts. The compensate becoming. To deny them is equivalent to saying physical and intellectual, will not that the laborer is not entitled to what he earns; that the state acts wisely in for the right to earn a living will cease. doing all it can to discourage industry —The Standard and offer premiums to idleness; that the speculator is entitled to greater consid-

millions of their natural inheritance, is a sacred system, ordained of God; that freedom of commerce is a crime, to be either restricted or entirely suppressed by law; that poverty and charity are twin necessities, inseparable from our

social system. Whoever denies the single tax principles must of necessity be driven to admit each and all of these monstrous propositions. There is no escape for him, though he may wriggle and twist like a fish out of water.

Single taxers do not want charity, either for ourselves or for anybody else. We simply ask for justice. Not justice for a few, but absolute, even-handed justice for all. And we are not begging for it, we demand it. We demand that access to land and the use thereof shall be as free as is the use of air, sunshine, or any of the other natural elements belonging to the people, because given to them by a wise creator, and without the use of which mankind can not exlaws upon industry shall be removed. and all necessary revenue be raised from land values. These things the single tax, if given opportunity, will accomplish. No other reform movement can effect one-quarter as much for humanity. In fact all others, so far as adopted, must redound for the benefit of the landowner. From the very nature of the case this can not be otherwise. The single tax must come first. After that, various other reforms can be instituted, without becoming aids to land monopoly; because under the single tax system land monopoly will be impossible. Other reforms can then be beneficial to the people, just in proportion to the intrinsic merit of each

reform. Land monopoly is the overshadowing curse of the ages. Why, if you could take money monopoly, transportation monopoly, monopoly of personal property and all other monopolies known to modern times except this one, and place them in one side of the scales; then put land monopoly in the other side; so sure as God's laws are higher right of every human being is more sacred than are any laws or customs that so sure would land monopoly turn the

scales and outweigh all its rivals. I sympathize with every honest movement for the betterment of our social conditions. I respect the men who from motives of philanthropy are earnestly endeavoring to push those reforms to the front. But believing as I do that land monopoly is the greatest monopoly of the age, and a more prolific cause of poverty and misery than all other monopolies combined, I shall continue to fight against it, by advocating the single tax, with what little ability God gave me, regardless of all other issues, -Ralph E. Hoyt, in the Standard.

## As to Eels and Other Folks.

Perhaps most men who have grown up in the country have somewhere in he promulgated to make that occasion | the rearward of memory a dim recollecone of the proudest in all my experi- tion of the boyish theory that eels turn raw after cooking unless promptly eaten. The only parallel in the intellectual world to this curious physical heartily applauded by many and care- property attributed to eels is the case of some persons with whom single taxnearly every noted public speaker in ers are compelled to wrestle. As eels the United States who has been on the will not stay cooked so some men will not stay convinced. Argument, howyears, but I can truthfully say that ever effective for the time being, has from no one else did I ever learn so really no permanent value where these men are concerned, for, once the man who has silenced them is out of sight. they wilfully return to their intellectual

It is this consideration that makes it seem hardly worth while for The Standard to attend to the suggestion of a correspondent that we reply to a recent absurd assertion in the Knights of Laso plain, so simple and straightforward bor Journal. That particular eel has that no honest investigator could fail to been cooked a great many times, but it be favorably impressed. The next turns raw with each new issue. Here night George spoke for an hour directly is the latest evidence of our contem-

"The single tax," says the Knights of audience. At the close of the meeting Labor Journal, "whatever beneficial he immediately resumed his journey to effects it might have, would do little if anything to lessen competition among

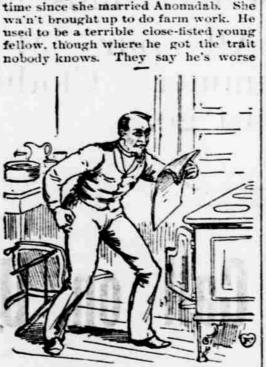
city workers." If there is any one proposition that has been clearly established to the satiswho will be staunch single taxers and faction of those who can see anything free traders as long as they live-Heury in the single tax, it is that it would af-Harrison and myself being among the fect city workers just as it would afnumber. Mr. Harrison, being a very fect other workers. Nothing so conintelligent man and an independent vinces a single taxer of an opponent's misapprehension as the common assersented, and being also a lover of justice, tion that, whatever benefit access to with the courage of his convictions, he land might have for rural workers, it could not benefit urban workers since they do not earn their living from the F. L. Grosvenor is not yet an out- soil. We can't all be farmers, says the spoken single taxer, but he is on the intellectual cel, that has never been cooked over the single tax fire; then he

cooked fifty times, because he has the

Once for all, if the single tax will

open natural opportunities to workingmen it will relieve not only the competition among the farmers and farm laborers, but the competition among petition of two sorts, both of which act under our present system of landlording. The competition between men of is an entirely wholesome competition, whereby men fit themselves into their peculiar niches, and do the work in which they are most effective. This is a competition that would not disappear under is another competition—the desperate struggle of disinherited men for the privilege of making a living; the competition for work made artificially scarce by an iniquitous system of landholding. This species of competition under the influence of the single tax would disappear, not only in rural districts but in the country. It is the pressure of this competition under the existing system that drives men from villages and rural districts to the cities, natural opportunities, and you lose the outer band that presses upon society and makes its pressure felt at all points. Loosen this band and relief is felt everywhere. The city worker will cease; the mere competition for place

-Gunpowder was discovered from the



hadn't taken boarders and slaved hermoney. but Silury won't have much of did the housework if the woman didn't it. Squire Parelment says Anonadab keep help. Mary Ann was particular; "I expected matters would come to a has willed it mostly to his relations." | it was doubtful if he could get her, but erisis, and I have taught your Mary to "That's downright mean," said Miss it would do no harm to try."

resumed Mrs. Fairplay. "She's paid didn't wish to hire out much less to side, and that her terms were fully acher hired girl and the butcher, bought live on a farm. She was going to work cepted and that ample provision was her own clothes and her son's, besides in a shop. A girl was a fool to do made for the education of her son bedding and table linen, and she's paid housework when she could go into a both Cousin Amelia and her lawyer for repairs on the house. Anonadab shop. Perhaps he could get a girl in can testify. The strike was a success was continually finding fault and Milltown-the French girl wanted a The victory of labor over capital was flingin' out that boarders didn't put a place."

hates music, he won't let Silury hum a that? I don't want the place. I'd tune if he is in the kitchen. She never | rather work in the mill." dares to touch the piano when he's "I don't want you," mentally re around. Silury believes in educating a joined Mr. Arrowshooter, as he stepped boy accordin' to his bent, but Anonadab into his sleigh thinking where he thinks a deestrict school is good should go next. He decided to call on enough for a farmer's son. He says a Mrs. O'fiarra, a woman who had college education is time and money washed for Mrs. Arrowshooter. Mrs. thrown away. Silury's a good woman," O'Harra advised him to try Katie continued Miss Chirp, "and her hus- Flynn. She was out of a place, living on band hasn't done the fair thing by her." ber cousin and was a "foine, tidy kind

dab says he'd share his last dollar with Kate pursued the same line of inquiry her; but when it comes to the case in as Miss French, with additional queshand he isn't so ready to do it. The tions concerning the distance from fact is he wa'n't brought up to do for church, number of nights out, wages people. Bein' an only son everybody and company. Mr. Arrowshooter bedid for him, and that makes children gan to feel encouraged when suddenly selfish. Silury was brought up differ- Kate asked his name. Her eyes ently. Her father was old Parson flashed the instant he answered. "An Goldbury, one of the best men youever do ye think I'd be injurin' me fair see. Seems as if he lived at Heaven's name by goin' wid the loikes av gate, and only staid out to help sinners ye? Do ye think I'd be seen on yer in. I don't see how Silury came to lonesome farm and the misthress jine hands with Anonadab, but she away? What kind av a girl do ye take



THE OVEN LINING HAD FALLEN.

broom and scrubbing brush till order torious general he surveyed the battle-

in' dishes. Might well leave 'em alone boarding house in a neighboring city. He had done his work well. He felt and right 'em all up the fust rainy rowshooter from the time they were the room, from the table, sink and floor. schoolgirls together and fully under- to the stove shining with fresh polish. He felt well satisfied with himself on stood her peculiar trials. When Silury, Tired and hungry he began to prepare charge of her kitchen and captivate pantry to skim the milk. As he took a To be sure the breakfast was not so the boarders with muffins and chops pan from the shelf he heard a strange palatable as when "Silury" prepared which no one could cook quite so de- noise in the kitchen. A wornout hinge had broken; one of the stove doors was One bright morning when Mr. Arrow- lying in the midst of ashes and charcoal came to her senses. Anyhow he shooter went to the village to get his on the clean floor. He swept up the

> The kitchen was full of smoke, which snapping over the red-hot covers; the handle had melted from the coffee-pot, and one side of the oven lining had fallen, sending a shower of soot over which had a vexatious habit of slip-

peared with Mr. Arrowshooter's ad- care. This mishap cost Mr. Arrowshooter easy-chair two hours later after

"I'd rather hoe corn all day," he mut-Arrowshooter was "not the man to be tered. "I feel clean beat out. If Silury A flawless pearl is not injured in any Miss Chirp piped out: "Do you think bossed by a woman. Women were in- had many such days no wonder she was smaller and weighed less. Men were

and held him fast till midnight, when Mrs. Fairplay. "Silary's had a hard he, Anonadab Arrowshooter, would be he awoke stiff and sore and crawled off Space forbids a description of the days that ensued-the spells of anger, fellow, though where he got the trait he shirked as many as possible, and his alternating with sympathy for Silurah

> food, still he and Sam had hearty appetites and "they hadn't made the victuals go as far as they might, seein' as more the editor of the Daily News he didn't think Silury'd be gone so chuckled over another advertisement: "If Silurah Arrowshooter will return to her

> > "If Silurah Arrowshooter will return to her

"If Silurah Arrowshooter will hold communi-cation with her husband all her demands shall

hold out so long. It has been rather hard for the poor man, but I judge it has not hurt him. I'll send for him and

cook as well as I can. Now, you must

effectual and complete.

MRS. S. J. BUCKLIS.